The World.

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THE EVENING

THE EIGHTY-SIXTH STREET LINE.

The renewed effort of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company to secure sanction for the extension of its Central Park crosstown road through Eighty-sixth street will be followed with very great interest by the public.

This is the only line of transit connecting the west side with the east between Fifty-ninth street and One Hundred and Sixteenth street and its purpose is to a great extent defeated by the necessity of terminating it at Eighth avenue, otherwise Central Park West. From Amsterdam avenue a car drawn by a single horse, an antiquated relic, carries passengers to Riverside Drive, but between Amsterdam avenue and Central Park West there is no means of communication, the property owners having for years successfully fought the grant of a franchise to the road through these two blocks. What the company now aims to do is to obtain right of way for the connecting link by the incorporation at Albany of the "West Eighty-sixth Street Railway Company." The project is approved by the Merchants' Association, which has embodied in its "eighteen suggestions" this plan for an unbroken line from river to river.

On the two blocks in question are some of the handsomest residences on the west side and the property interests affected are very great. The contention is made that the street is a parkway, but while technically so it is not utilized as such by pleasure vehicles. Private carriages passing through from the park to the drive are conspicuous by their absence, and the sole question involved is the invasion of residential privacy and the deterioration of property sure to follow the introduction of an electrical line.

Such deterioration is certain to ensue, and its extent and importance is to be weighed against the equally certain benefits to be derived by the public. Few villages are forced to put up with a service as inadequate as that now given by this crosstown line. Its small, ill-smelling, ill-lighted, unheated cars are a byword of reproach. To replace them with through electric cars accessible from Columbus and Amsterdam avenues will mean a largely increased patronage. In return for right of way the company could afford to salve the hurt that property will feel with a handsome bonus.

In default of such permission, why not a line of modern stages to replace the cars? Why not a similar line through Ninety-sixth street, where also there is a viaduct across the park? Though the west side has grown enormously in population within fifteen years, doubling and trebling, and though the added demands of traffic north and south have been met, no provision has been made for crosstown travel. Facilities for that are as provincial and as parochial as in the days when goats perched where now there are million-dollar mansions.

THE FIREMEN'S PLEA.

What the firemen ask in the way of relief from long hours seems only simple justice. The case of the fireman who had not been home in four weeks because his days off found him on duty at fires is probably exceptional. But it is a matter of frequent occurrence that a fireman loses one in three of his days off, and the loss of only one means an enforced absence from home of three weeks. To be on call throughout the twenty-four hours at the engine-house and to be constantly liable to forty-eight hours of continuous fire-duty, as at the Houston street leather factory fire, is harder work than should be exacted of any city employee. To take away his day off in addition is a grave injustice. It is treatment which the employee of a business house would properly regard as tyrannical.

The firemen's plea for recognition as under the provisions of the Eight-Hour law is about to come before the Court of Appeals for a final verdict. The objection to the adoption of the two-platoon system, by which a fireman would be assured regular hours off duty, is its cost. It would mean a large increase of the fire force; the Appellate Justices of the Supreme Court in affirming Justice Gaynor's adverse decision thought it would necessitate the doubling of it and was thus against public policy. It was also alleged against the measure that the firemen would be entitled to an immense amount of back pay to cover extra days of work. This appears now not to be apprehended.

Public sympathy has been with the firemen in their attempt to lighten their long hours of labor. Their admirable efficiency has been won against the handicap of a fire-house slavery that has led fire chiefs from elsewhere to call them "the hardest worked firemen of any large city in the world."

WORK AND LEISURE.

A Maine motorman, having come into a fortune of $60,000, announces that he will continue to work for the company that now employs him. His money at 5 per cent. would give him leisure and an income six times as great as his wages, but work is his choice. The President of Harvard, who said in Boston the other day that a man should work as hard and as long as his health permits, will be interested in this Maine motorman, John C. Tripp.

But the possession of wealth puts obligations on Tripp. He must try to do more than to earn his week's wages. He must aspire to rise until, like Motorman Root, who was running a car seven years ago, he becomes general manager of his company. He must cultivate his mind as much as he can, studying books and men and politics, making himself every year a more useful member of society. He must dress as well as his purse permits, and educate his children, if he has them, and give his fellow motormen a helping hand and be good to the poor. His fortune will make life more complex for him, loading him with new responsibilities. He will find enough to do to keep him busy if he does not seek to shirk his obligations.

And a word about President Eliot's precept regarding hard work. It is the salvation of man that he is obliged to labor. He is happier than he would be under enforced idleness and more useful to society and to himself. And to work a little harder than you have to—that is the secret of success.

But all work and no play, that tires the body along with the mind and exhausts. Relaxation in its place is equally beneficial. The Harvard President gets it when he goes to a Boston symphony concert or makes an after-dinner speech. He got it as a youth rowing a boat with other undergraduates on the Charles River. If he had spent that leisure or were to spend it now in hard mental labor unremitted we do not suppose he would be any greater man than he is, any more than we can suppose a motorman or a miner working hours overtime would be more serviceable to his employer or better equipped for the next day's work. There is much to be said to the contrary, and much to be said about that moderation which secures for the toiler a proper relation between work and leisure.

THE LOVE LETTERS OF LAURA.

BY ROY M'CARDELL.

NO. XIII.

To Mr. Johnny Stagedohr, New York. From Miss Laura Slocum, — Theatre, New York.

DEAR SIR—I thank you for the beautiful flowers you send me every night. I appreciate the fact that I am the only woman that you ever loved. But I cannot be yours, as I am wedded to my art. Do not smile at this because I am only a chorus girl. I have played leading roles with Mr. Claud Barnes Tormer in "Every Inch a Gentleman" all through the West, until at Watertank, Ia., our show closed because the benighted backwoods people could not appreciate a sterling play. I am understudy to the girl who says, "Ah, here is Lady Giddy now!" And some day something may happen her and I will get my chance at a speaking part on Broadway. I have never had a love affair, and in time I might learn to reciprocate your affection; until then you may continue to send me flowers. Very sincerely, LAURA SLOCUM.

No. XIV.

To Mr. Reuben Duzenberry, Smithville, Ind.

DEAR SIR—I am sorry you feel so angry about losing your money in our recent theatrical venture. But what is $500 compared with the check of the closing of "Every Inch A Gentleman," in which Mr. Barnes Tormer starred and I was featured? I am sorry that Mr. Barnes Tormer pawned your clothes and watch and left you in such a plight, as hostage for our board bills at the Grand Hotel in Watertank. I can realize that you should have felt hurt at his conduct in singing:

"Back, Back, Back to the Woods!"

through the key-hole at you, just previous to his absconding with your valuables. These disappointments should improve and sweeten your character. In a recent letter from a friend in Smithville, however, I am informed that you created a scene in church, shortly after your disastrous venture in backing Mr. Barnes Tormer. The sacred edifice was the last place you should have given way to your violent temper, simply because you were asked to lead the singing of:

"I Want To Be An Angel!"

Poor Mr. Barnes Tormer is in jail for failure to pay alimony to four of his wives. The other three have forgiven him and you should, too.

You do not understand the artistic temperament. Your place is on the farm. Or if you ever decide to enter the dramatic profession again answer the advertisements in the Clipper that read: WANTED—For Ind. Med. Co., good mugger with jo-jos to Robe the Streets; boosers and chasers save your stamps; you will not last a minute; regards to Tebe Lawton; Funny McGinnis please write.

I am not angry with you. You tell me you are to marry Cora Smith. Accept my condolences. Yours with profound pity. LAURA.

No. XV.

To Mr. Stockton Bonds, Wall street.

DEAR MR. BONDS—You are too kind to a poor little country girl. How can I thank you for presenting me with such a beautiful automobile! I received the diamond ring, but you will appreciate my feelings when I tell you that I only wear it in the presence of a chaperon. And yet I cannot believe that you are trifling with my young and unsophisticated heart. I will be pleased to go to dinner with you after the show. But must ask you to permit my aunt, from Brooklyn, to accompany us. A young girl must be careful and circumspect, especially when she has embarked upon a theatrical career. Till to-night, adieu,

LAURA SLOCUM.

NOTE.

As Miss Slocum is now safely behind the footlights the public must look to her press agent for the future details of her love affairs and her girlish confidences as set forth in her correspondences.

Six of the Best Jokes of the Day.

IMPROVED ON NATURE.

The Lady—How, oh! how can you be always drinking?

The Wretch—Well, lady, I am blessed by nature wit' a fine capacity, and den stiddy practice has done a lot fur me, no doubt, lady.—Chicago Daily News.

DIPLOMACY.

"See here, conductor!" cried the irate young woman, "I told you to stop at Tumbledown street."

"Er—beg pardon, miss," said the tactful conductor, "but I thought you must 'a' made a mistake. Stylish-lookin' young ladies like you most gener'ly gits off at the fashionable streets."—Philadelphia Press.

PLEASANT TREATMENT.

"If I had 'ankylostoma,' Weary, I'd treat it after de homoeopatic fashion."

"Wot's 'ankylostoma,' Limpy?"

"Dat's de new name for laziness."

"And why should you treat it in de homoeopatic fashion?"

"Because in de homoeopatic school like cures like."—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

ONE OF THE SUFFERERS.

Woman of the House—What! You one of the Venezuelan sufferers? You don't talk like a foreigner.

Ruffon Wratts—No, ma'am. I'm not a furriner. I'm an Amerikin. But I've had several spells of despondency over them troubles down thar, ma'am.—Chicago Tribune.

OFFICIAL INFORMATION.

Stranger—Can you direct me to the bank?

Village Urchin—Can for a quarter.

Stranger—That's pretty steep.

Village Urchin—Well, you can't expect a fellow to be a bank director for nothing.—Chicago News.

WOMEN'S CLEVERNESS.

Folks "clothed in brief authority,"
Espeshly if they're winnmin,
Will len'then out its brevity
By pilin' on the trimmin'.
—Philadelphia Press.

THE MERRY MAC TWINS.

Artist Powers Depicts Them Having Fun with Cousin George.

HOME FUN FOR WINTER EVENINGS.

THE FIRST FIGURES.

ANGLES

1 Z 3 X 5 6

7 X 9 0

LINES

1 7 3 0 5 6

8 8 8

Our figures are called Arabic, not because they originated in Arabia—they came to Arabia from Hindostan—but because they were introduced into Spain by the conquering Moors, and thence found their way into the rest of Europe.

Nothing absolutely certain is known as to their origin, and there has been a great deal of controversy resulting over it, one of the two following theories probably being the correct one:

As excellent geometricians, the Moors composed the written number out of geometrical figures: 1 has one angle, 2 has two, 3 has three, &c.; 0, a circle, has none.

Again, it is argued that the figures were composed of rigid lines used to indicate the number to be noted. There is one line in 1, three in 3, eight in 8, &c.

The Greeks and Romans had systems totally different from ours, which made long calculations almost impossible; therefore it seems likely that the mathematicians of old had knowledge of what are now called Arabic figures.

HIDDEN EATABLES.

1. He is the merriest little chap I ever knew.
2. That is as artistic a keepsake as I ever saw.
3. The name of our new coachman is Benjamin Buttons.
4. If I were you I would put that nice muff in a hatbox.
5. Do not be so upset over a trifle.
6. The stewardess was very obliging.
7. Have you seen Jonathan Dump lingering around the post-office?

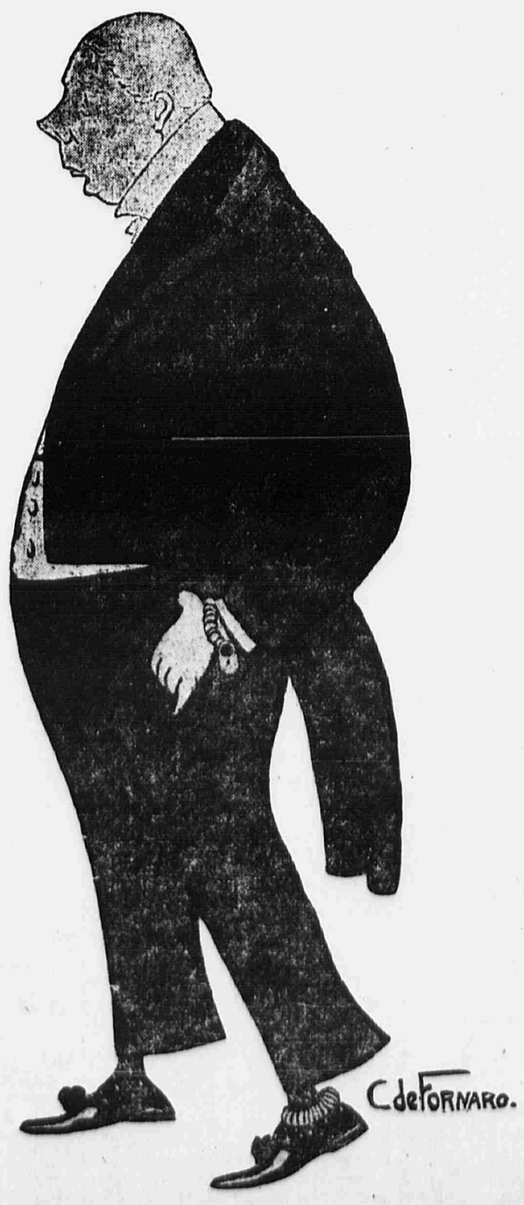
The answer to No. 1 is "pir," which begins with the "p" of "chap." The others are found in the same way.

A RIDDLE.

I am a sacred symbol,
And I'm something you might be,
And I'm something you would do
In traversing the sea.
I am attached to many things,
A cut, a piece, a bow,
And what I am or ought to be
You surely now must know.

Prominent New Yorkers.

BY C. DE FORNARO.



NO. 1—HARRY LEHR.

THE MAN HIGHER UP

CAPT. O'REILLY'S TEA-TIME IN THE TENDERLOIN

"THE Tenderloin must be a pretty dull place after 2 o'clock in the morning these times," said The Cigar Store Man.

"To a man who never looks under the lid," replied The Man Higher Up, "the Tenderloin after 1 o'clock in the morning looks like Metuchen, N. J., from the windows of the midnight express. But for those who know how to get behind the scenes there is good and plenty doing. A wise guy can start in at midnight in the Tenderloin with a head as clear as the lens of a microscope and wind up in the morning with a stew and a cargo of experience that would swamp a night-hawk cab.

"There are several thousand people in the Tenderloin every night whose beds would drop to pieces in surprise if they retired before daylight. These people have got to go somewhere. If they can't go to places that are open—legally open, understand—they will go to places that are open illegally. You couldn't get this into the conk of Capt. Miles O'Reilly with a hydraulic drill.

"'I'll approve all night licenses for social affairs that are attended by respectable people,' says Capt. O'Reilly. 'People who are not respectable must go home at 1 o'clock. They are no good if they stay out after that hour. I don't believe in drinking myself. Tea and coffee are good enough for me, and they ought to be good enough for anybody.'

"Capt. O'Reilly is supposed to be a man of judgment. Every man of judgment knows that you can't change the habits of people who are satisfied with the way they are going by hitting them with a club. Bunch a man's habits and they are like his face. You can't lose either.

"If the restaurants in the Tenderloin are closed at 1 o'clock in the morning for any length of time the result will be the opening of a lot of dives run with a soft pedal. No police captain that ever lived can close these dives unless there is open competition with them in a legal way. Men and women won't go into holes that smell like sewers, where the knockout drops are passed from hand to hand and where degradation flourishes like a fire in a paint factory if there are clean places for them to go to.

"They are talking now about issuing all-night licenses on probation to certain places for five days. Capt. O'Reilly, who cannot see why anybody should want to drink anything but coffee and tea, is to be the judge of whether these places are up to his ideas of respectability. He'll be a good judge—for Tammany Hall in the next election."

"I suppose the precinct is so clean that Capt. O'Reilly has nothing else to do, "suggested The Cigar Store Man.

"Evidently," replied The Man Higher Up, "Capt. O'Reilly is the same kind of a supposer."

THE FIRST AUTOMOBILE.

The history of the motor car reads like a weird legend. More than a century ago automobilism was born in France, with the steam car of Cugnot. The vehicle was as crude as one would expect from a construction an entire century ahead of its mechanical realization. Still, the machine would run, and run well. In the first half of the nineteenth century Cugnot's idea reappeared in the experiments of automobile passenger conveyances. The names of W. H. James, Goldsmith Gurney Hancock, J. Scott Russell and Trevithick are familiarly connected with this period in auto business. In 1895 the automobile came to stay. De Dion, Bouton, Daimler and Serpollet being the pioneers this time.

Automobilists in America are keeping close together, and this union overcomes difficulty. Now it is realized how deeply the automobile will enter into the heart of American life.

PERIL IN HANDSHAKING.

Dr. J. M. Hirsch, of Chicago, in Popular Mechanics says: "The most delicate perfume upon the hands is not a sign of freedom from germs, and the most refined are not free from disease of lungs or throat, and the germs are rapidly spread by touching the hand that has handled the handkerchief of one afflicted with a cold, catarrh or consumption. These diseases claim more than one-seventh of all deaths. Our street cars carry signs requesting passengers to abstain from spitting therein. These same passengers may hold their hands before their mouths when they cough and cover them with germs enough to infect a thousand people. They may use their handkerchiefs with the same results, and when we have an epidemic of the grip it is spread by the 'grip of the hand' of a friend or a casual acquaintance or a mere stranger just introduced." The writer then refers to eczema, scarlet fever and diphtheria, and declares that these diseases are often spread by means of the hands. He also asserts that all germ diseases may be disseminated in this manner.

THE LARAMIE LIE.

BY GEN. CHARLES KING.

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"HE is engaged to Kate Crofton," said the reigning belle concerning the acknowledged beau of Fort Laramie, as the girls were talking over the last dance. "No use making eyes at Ned Willard; he's engaged and has been ever since last winter in Washington. Here's his sister's letter."

It was a mean thing, a contemptible thing for the belle to say at this time and in this presence), and she knew it. Ever since Willard's return from three months' leave the first of March, she had been making play—if not eyes—at him and without success. There had come a merry little party, down from old Fort Fetterman, up the Platte, just for the week. There had been dances and dinners, skating on the flats and riding over the bluffs, and pretty Nell Maitland (daughter of the old chaplain at Fetterman) sprained her pretty ankle on the ice just as the party was about to return, and all because Ned Willard and the belle had waltzed into her at a critical turn.

Big Ned was overwhelmed with distress as he picked her up, and the belle with dismay when she saw his face. Nell Maitland spent days thereafter on the sofa in the Colonel's sunshiny parlor, and day after day the best looking "sub" at the post came to inquire after her—to call, to chat, to bring her books.

"He's engaged to Kate Crofton and has been ever since his visit to Washington," were now the words ringing, ringing, mercilessly ringing in Nell's bewildered ears. When she heard it Willard was away on an Apache campaign and could not nail the lie.

Gray-haired old Maitland was a godly man, but they say he swore a big oath when he looked into Nell's white, wan, yet bravely smiling face a few days later at Laramie. Maitland got a leave, and spent the summer and his savings in taking Nell and her mother to the seashore. Something had gone amiss with the little maid that local doctors could not cure.

And there they were, late in June, when the news came of the hot fight on the Deje Agie between Crook's column and the overwhelming hordes of red warriors led by Crazy Horse. "Col. Guy Henry, desperately wounded;" "Lieut. E. P. Willard, shot through the body; probably mortal."

Never until that night had Maitland mentioned that young officer's name, even to his wife. Now, should he or her mother break the news—and how? The question was settled for them.

They were visiting old friends who had a cottage at Sea Girt, and were seated in the pavilion of a great hotel. A portly gentleman came hurrying to the group at the adjoining table.

"Here's bad news, Kate!" said the big man, briefly. "Young Willard's badly shot in an Indian fight! You expected his sister to-morrow, didn't you?"

An hour later, as Mrs. Maitland knelt to kiss her little maid good-night—no doctor had been needed—a pair of white arms twined about the mother's neck, and then came a whisper: "Say a little prayer for him, Mummie, and for us all—for believing."

We weren't at Russell that year when the Maitlands came back from the seaboard, but Willard was, "somewhat bunged up," as he cheerily said, "but still in the ring," and his mother and sister both were there keeping house for him in the Major's quarters, the whole garrison being afield. In fact he was down at the depot in Cheyenne when their train came in, stumping about with a big cane, his fine face aglow with hope and eagerness; and Grace, his sister, watching him narrowly and putting together this, that and the other thing that she had heard, read his story even before he caught sight of Nell Maitland on the Pullman platform. The belle of Laramie had unaccountably gone to Denver about this time, but there had been plenty left to gradually tell the Willards of her words. "Only an April fool!" was the lady's explanation, when finally called to account. "The wish was father to the thought with Grace Willard, and she did her best to make it a match, even if she failed."

Perhaps that had been the plan in Grace Willard's ambitious heart, but she reckoned without her brother—or Kate. She saw the inevitable two days after the "lily maid's" return, when for the first time the doctor let Willard mount his horse, and once more the two—the big soldierly fellow, the slender, sweet-faced, blue-eyed girl—rode away together up the wind-swept bluffs of Crow Creek until all but the flagstaff at Russell was hidden from sight, and then, with quivering lips and brimming eyes, after one of those silences that say so much, he suddenly turned and stretched forth an eager hand:

"Nell, Nell; I've been waiting all these months for you to come back to tell you what was trembling on my lips that last night at Laramie when our orders came."

And then like a man he told her, and, like a little woman, she replied.